

The Bloomfield Times.

FRANK MORTIMER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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RATHER MIXED.

I've wandered through the village, Tom,
Along with Anna Lee,
To listen to the mocking-bird,
In the cottage by the sea.
Reid's bay mare can't be beat
While coming through the rye;
Let me kiss him for his mother,
Says the spider to the fly.

The colored girls and poor old Ned,
Now swell the National song,
I'd offer thee this hand of mine—
But take your time, Miss Long.
I'm lonely since my mother died—
Susanna don't you cry;
We're all nodding through the world,
Then root hog, or die.

Hark! I hear the angels sing,
Ah! daddy, he's struck lie,
We're coming, Father Abraham,
Along with Annie Lyle.
The song my mother used to sing,
The wearing of the green—
The girl I left behind me,
To-day is sweet sixteen.

HILDA'S THANKSGIVING PARTY.

IT ENDS IN A WEDDING.

NEVER was there a happier maiden than Hilda Howe as she flitted hither and thither in their newly-furnished parlors, arranging and re-arranging the window draperies, newly depositing the ornaments, changing the position of the ottomans and easy chairs, brushing away each speck of dust with a feather duster, and carefully gathering every scrap of ravelings and lint from the newly-made carpets, singing all the while:

"Merrily every bosom boundeth!
Merrily! O! Merrily! O!"

in a manner that at once assured one that her heart kept time to the music of her lips.

"Hilda, love, what is all this noise about?" queried her father, as he looked laughingly in at the door.

"Oh, father, come in—come in and see if parlors ever looked prettier than ours. See! I have put on all the finishing touches and am ready to receive callers, so be seated at once on the sofa."

"Ah, I understand you, Hilda. I suppose that thanksgiving party is the next feature in the programme."

"Yes, father," replied Hilda, demurely, as she drew an ottoman, directly before him; "that is the business before the meeting."

"Well, Hilda, we might as well proceed and have it settled forthwith. I suppose what is to be, will be."

"Then you give your consent, father?"

"I see no loop hole for escape and so yield."

"But father, I will not urge it if you at all prefer it otherwise."

"No—no, Hilda! you have been a good, dutiful daughter, and it gives me pleasure to grant your reasonable request. And now here is a trifle to 'help defray expenses,' for I suppose there must be some attached to so important a scheme as a 'thanksgiving party.'"

"O, father, two fifty-dollar bills! It is too much—please take one of them."

"There—there Hilda, no set speeches, but come and kiss me, and be as good a girl as you have been, and I shall be satisfied."

Hilda threw her arms lovingly around him, and pressed her lips upon his brow, where wrinkles were gathering, and on his brown cheek. There was a humid light in his eye, as he returned her embrace murmuring: "Heaven bless my darling girl!"

No sooner had her father left, than Hilda danced up stairs to her room, and seating herself at her small writing-table, she drew from it some delicately perfumed and tinted note paper, and soon her small white hand was flitting over it as rapidly as a humming-bird's motion when extracting sweets from the rose or honey-suckle. The

notes at last were all penned but one, and now Hilda paused and blushed a little, just a very little, but still it was discernable, and Hilda knew it and reproved herself for the misdemeanor by softly saying, "What a very silly girl I am!" Then she strove to be more collected, took up her pen in a manner intended to be dignified, and bent over the unstained paper before her. But no—she was not ready yet; a small slip of paper was taken and a name written which read: "Dr. Norman Wilder!" and now that the name was in black and white before her, she regained courage, took the note-paper and penned the invitation, and then with a sigh of relief, she dropped it into the basket, saying:

"There, I am glad to have this business of writing invitations off my mind. To be sure, there was no immediate hurry, as it will be more than a week from now to Thanksgiving, but I like to be in season.— But I believe I am a little weary. Let me see—I have written more than three hours. I'll take a walk to Dame Grafton's after dinner, and that will rest me. Poor little Bess, I've not seen her for a week."

In pursuance with her resolve, after dinner, Hilda donned her street attire, and bent her steps in the direction of Dame Grafton's humble cottage. She paused, when within a short distance, to watch Bess, who had seated herself on the steps, apparently to enjoy the warm sunshine, though late in November, the afternoon was more like early October. The child sat with her delicate hands clasped, and her large mournful eyes strained upwards, as though she was wildly striving to catch one glimpse at the beautiful sky above her. Her long, flaxen curls had fallen back from her singularly transparent brow revealing the exquisite contour of her features.— Hilda stole noiselessly along to where she was sitting. Just as she reached her an expression of anguish swept over her young face, and bowing upon her bosom, she murmured: "Yes, I am blind—O, I am blind! I shall never, never see the beautiful blue sky, nor the soft moon, nor the twinkling stars, nor the sweet flowers! O, if I could die!"

"Bess," said Hilda, softly, for she could not bear to witness the child's distress longer.

"O, Hilda—dear Hilda, is it you? Oh, I am so glad you have come, for I was afraid my heart was breaking! It is better now; but Hilda, you do not know what it is to be blind. For a year I have come out every day when I knew the sun was brightest. At first I could just see the sun, but it has kept growing darker and darker, and to-day, Hilda, though I know it is shining as bright as ever, it is all night to me."

Poor Hilda! how she longed to breathe one word of hope in the ear of the blind girl, but she saw nothing to justify her in doing thus, and so she sat on the step by her side, her tears falling fast and silently upon her little hand nestling in her own. At length Bess said quietly:

"Did you ever think you would like to die, Hilda?"

"No, Bess, dear, I do not remember that I ever did."

"Well, I do very often—very often, and sometimes I ask God to take me to live with him. You know, Hilda, I shall not be a blind little girl in heaven. I was asking him to take me soon when I was looking up into the sky. Is it wrong, Hilda? because if it is I will try to wait patiently; O, it is so dark—so lonesome to be blind!"

Hilda was still too much pained to attempt to comfort the child, so she reached her a bouquet of fragrant flowers, and said she would run in and see Dame Grafton.

"I will stay here a little while, for grandmother will be sad when she sees my little sober face. I never let her know how badly I feel, Hilda, should you?"

Hilda entered the cottage, hoping to find something cheering, but to her surprise, Dame Grafton was bending over her work with tearful eye.

"Why, grandmother," exclaimed Hilda, "I expected to find you all smiles, as usual, but you look as though you have been having a 'real good cry,' as people say."

"Ah, Hilda, I'm glad to see you, dear, for if any body can speak a word to give me comfort, it is you. It is all for my poor blind little Bess I am troubling. The child is stone blind now, and I'd made up my mind to bear it and be patient, as I thought there was no help for it. But just as I got sort of reconciled, something must happen to make me feel worse than ever. You see day before yesterday, the child was out on the door-steps, and I was picking up the bits of chips and dry stuff that had blown into the grass, when I saw a nice looking

gentleman coming along. When he saw Bess he stopped and looked at her, put his face close to her eyes, and so stood two or three minutes. Then he beckoned to me, and I followed him till we were out of Bess's hearing, and he went on asking me all sorts of questions about her, finally finished off with saying, "I think the child might be cured, for it is a sort of cataract! (I think that was what he said.) I was so flustered like, I did not know what to say, and so said nothing. But he gave me this ere little slip of paper, and said if we wanted to see him there's where we'd find him."

"Did you ask him how much it would cost?" said Hilda.

"O, yes, I asked just that, and he said something about fifty or a hundred dollars. Now, Hilda, child, this is what makes me sick—sick at heart. I've tried and tried to think of some way to raise the money, but it's all of no use, and to-day I've given up all hopes of ever doing it."

It was evening, and Hilda was seated in her chamber. The basket containing the "invitation cards" stood before her, and in her hand lay the two fifty dollar bills. It was evident that a strong, serious struggle was going on in her mind. She took up one note after another, glanced at its contents and let it fall into the basket. At last she had the one she was searching for. It was the one addressed to Dr. Norman Wilder!" she looked at it long and earnestly. "No, no," she exclaimed, "I cannot give it up! It will be my only chance of becoming better acquainted with him, as he leaves town next week. Then Lillian Worth will have a party if I do not have mine, and will stand a better chance of winning notice from him than I shall.— The girls said they thought his attentions equally divided between Lillian and myself, but I thought there was a little more heart in his notice of me! But Lillian is so much more brilliant and beautiful than myself, and besides an heiress, that I think if either of us win the noble stranger it will be her. No—no—I must not give up having my party—but dear little Bess—yes—yes! I will! so here go the notes—Dr. Norman Wilder, and all into the fire, and thus ends my Thanksgiving party."

Doubtless my reader has premised what was Hilda's motive in giving up her anticipated pleasure; and now that it was decided in her mind, there were no doubts—no repinings over her disappointment—for disappointment it was.

"Father," she said, as she followed him from the breakfast room the following morning, "I wish to talk with you a moment."

"Well, what now, Hilda?" said Mr. Howe, smoothing her brown hair from her forehead. "Did you find one hundred dollars did not defray your shopping expenses yesterday?"

"Oh, no, father, nothing of that sort; but I just want to ask you if I may do as I please with the money you gave me?"

"Of course, love. I have no wish to dictate to you in this matter; but what put this idea into your head?"

"Do not ask me, father! I have a very good reason for asking, and you will know it some time, but not now."

"Well, Hilda, as you please. But how about that thanksgiving party?"

"Oh, I've given that up, and please, father ask no questions;" and Hilda glided from the room before he had time to answer.

"Well, that is a strange freak, surely! what can the girl mean? I never saw her more anxious about a thing than she has been about that party. Women and girls are alike inexplicable;" and here Mr. Howe left the house, no wiser for his soliloquy.

When Lillian Worth heard that Hilda Howe's party was not to come off, she at once issued cards of invitation, as Hilda had premised. A very brilliant affair it was to be, so said the young ladies, and for a week it made busy tongues and busy hands. Hilda, though often importuned as to her reasons for giving up her anticipated party, kept her own counsel.

Hilda called to see the celebrated oculist, and found him quite sanguine in his belief of restoring sight to blind little Bess. He informed her that he should wish the child in the house with him during the operation, and for a week or so afterwards; and added she must have a cheerful female friend with her. The day set for Bess to go was Thanksgiving, and Hilda breathed a low sigh of disappointment, for she saw this would prevent her attending Lillian Worth's party, and thus she should lose her last opportunity of meeting with Dr. Norman Wilder.

It was thanksgiving evening, and Mr. Worth's parlors were brilliantly lighted, and gay and happy girls were gathering to enjoy the anticipated pleasure that these meetings ever bring. There were joyous shouts of laughter, strains of music, feet tripping lightly through the mazes of the dance, sallies of wit, brilliant repartee, and all the many pleasant little things that conspire to make these social gatherings so delightful. While all this was going on Hilda Howe was keeping watch in a darkened chamber, over the little suffering Bess. The operation had been performed, and the doctor had pronounced it successful. Did Hilda for a moment regret the sacrifice she had made? Far from it. Never had she been so deeply happy in her life.

Dr. Norman Wilder was all attention to Lillian during the evening, and all joined in thinking that he had quite forgotten unpretending Hilda Howe, now that he was thrown more in the society of the far more beautiful Lillian Worth, and it was even so. His mind was about made up to prosecute his attentions in that quarter, and once or twice when left for a moment with Lillian he had almost make confession of his deep interest in her.

Towards the later part of the evening, he said to Lillian, "How happens it that I do not see your friend, Miss Hilda Howe, present this evening?"

"O, I can hardly tell," replied Lillian, "she is so full of strange ideas. Something about a blind child—I do not just know what. Hilda is a nice girl, and I love her, but she is forever looking up some forlorn thing, and neglecting her friends and her own duties to help them. I think her taste in such matters rather low. There are provisions made for those who cannot take care of themselves, and I see no necessity for our mixing ourselves up with them."

There was a slight bitterness in the tone of Lillian's voice, and it was evident, for the moment, that Dr. Norman Wilder was pained; but he soon forgot it all in the bewitching fascination of his fair companion.

"Father," said Norman Wilder, Jr., as he sat in their office at the P— hotel, "what was it you said yesterday about having performed an operation upon the eyes of a blind girl?"

"Well Norman, I said I was about to do so, and I did, and it proved highly successful. By-the-by, I would like to have you visit my patient, I am about to give her a call. She has the sweetest young lady for an attendant that I ever saw—so cheerful, so self-possessed during the operation (for I could not prevail upon her to leave) and without, so lady like. Last night I went to call on the patient's grandmother to tell her that I thought her little Bess would see again, and found out the story. It seems this young lady had the promise of having a Thanksgiving party, and her father had supplied her with funds, and she had gone so far as to write her cards of invitation when she heard that if means only could be found, her blind little friend might have her sight restored. So what does the noble girl do but forego her anticipated enjoyment, that the child might have the benefit of an operation. All this the old lady told me, and the young lady little dreams that I have her secret in my my keeping. I tell you she is a woman of a thousand, and I would be proud to call her daughter, Norman, my boy!"

Hilda was setting by Bess, reading softly from Mrs. Hemans' poems, when the door opened, and Dr. Wilder entered followed by his son. Hilda looked up, and as her eyes met those of the younger gentleman the warm, blood mounted to her temples while Norman, with an air of surprise, extended his hand exclaiming:

"Miss Hilda Howe! is it possible that I have the pleasure of meeting you here?"

Poor Hilda was deeply embarrassed. Must it not seem to him that she had purposely thrown herself in his way, and if so, how unmaidenlike she must appear to him. She knew the moment they entered, that the kind doctor who had so greatly interested himself in Bess, and the young Dr. Wilder, were father and son. She had not even heard the name of Dr. Wilder, the elder. She seemed quite overwhelmed with mortification, and the doctor observing it, took pains to turn the attention of them both to his patient.

Time would fall us to tell of the joy of Dame Grafton, as, day-by-day, she received more cheering accounts from her darling Bess, and it would also fall us to tell of the many pleasant hours that Hilda Howe passed in the company of Dr. Norman Wilder, Jr., during her stay at the

hotel. But the time passed away, as well, and Hilda found herself at home; Bess still improving was restored to her overjoyed grandmother.

Reader, shall I stay my pen here or will you be better satisfied with my story, if I glance over a year and give you the conclusion, instead of leaving you to picture it. Somehow I thought when I commenced this, it shouldn't be a love story, but love has stolen in as naturally here on these pages as it does into our lives and so I will tell you all I know of the affair.

It is Thanksgiving evening again, and Mr. Howe's parlors are brilliantly lighted and the guests already are assembled, among whom occupying a conspicuous position, are Dame Grafton, in her new glossy silk, and little Bess—no longer blind! the principal actors in the drama of the evening, are Dr. Norman Wilder and his newly made bride—now no longer Hilda Howe. Now, reader, I have told you all about the way it came to pass that Hilda Howe's Thanksgiving party ended in a Thanksgiving wedding!

An Item for Boys.

It is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade be compelled to follow it all his life. Governor Palmer, of Illinois, was a country blacksmith once and began his political career as a constable in Macoupin county. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was once a tailor. Thomas Hoynes, a rich and eminent lawyer of Illinois, was once a book-binder. Erastus Corning, of New York, too lame to do hard labor, commenced as a shop-boy in Albany. When he applied for employment first he was asked: "Why, my little boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I am bid," was the answer. That secured him a place. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts was a shoemaker. Thurlow Weed, a canal boat driver. Ex-Governor Stone, of Iowa, was a cabinet maker, which trade the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglass also worked at in his youth. Large numbers of prominent men now living have arisen from humble life by dint of industry, without which talent is as useless as a gold coin on a barren island.— Work alone makes men bright and it does not alone depend on the kind of work you have to do whether you rise or not. It depends on how you do it.

Tooth-Pulling Illustrated.

Before the day of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth-drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench followed by a roar from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer.— "Stop," cried the dentist; "compose yourself. I told you that I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen, to show you Cartwright's method of operating." Again the instrument was applied, another tug, another roar. "Now, don't be impatient; that is Dummerge's way; be seated and calm,—you will now be sensible of the superiority of my method." Another application, another tug, another roar. "Now, pray be quiet! That is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it; and no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread; and whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed, "That is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Dummerge, and Parkinson."

"A woman says what she chooses without being abused for it. She can take a nap after dinner while her husband goes to work. She can go into the street without being asked to stand treat at every saloon. She can stay at home in time of war, and get married again if her husband gets killed. She can wear corsets if too thick, and other fixings if too thin. She can get a divorce from her husband, if she sees one she likes better. She can get her husband in debt all over, until he warns the public not to trust her on his account. But all these accounts are balanced by the great fact that she cannot sing bass, wear a beard, go spunking, or climb a tree.

The Peabody (Mass.) Press says: "Many persons who have had occasion to visit the Essex depot in this town, have for some time past noticed a large dun-colored dog, who anxiously watches the passengers as they alight, as though seeking for some particular person. This dog belonged to Mr. Ernest S. Merrill, one of the victims of the Revere disaster. When young Merrill left home for the last time his dog left him at the depot. The faithful dog still watches for his master, who will never come back."